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THE
Commonweal

LESLIE DEWART

War and the Christian Tradition

A One-Way Journey

ANN MORRISSETT

The Orthodox at the Council

THOMAS E. BIRD

Mosley on Campus

RUSSELL W. GIBBONS

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This Thing Called AMERICA

Q *What is AMERICA?*

EDITOR: AMERICA is a weekly journal of opinion, founded in 1909 by Fr. John J. Wynne, S.J. From its inception, it has been the work of a team of Jesuit priests. Thus, in 1909, ten other American and Canadian Jesuits were assigned by their superiors to assist Fr. Wynne, whose intention, as first Editor-in-Chief of AMERICA, was to start a journal that would fill a role in the United States somewhat like that which the Tablet of London had performed for Catholics in England since 1840.

Q *Whose opinions are you expressing?*

EDITOR: AMERICA expresses the opinions of the staff of Jesuit priests whose names are currently listed on our masthead. The masthead announces that this magazine is published by "Jesuits of the United States and Canada." It pointedly does not say that our journal issues from "*the* Jesuits of the United States and Canada." Still more precisely, and in the fuller space available to us in the postal indicia at the bottom of the masthead page, we say that AMERICA is published by "a group of Jesuit Fathers."

Q *What norms guide AMERICA in making its policy?*

EDITOR: We take our stand, first of all, on the dogmas of our Catholic faith. Obviously, too, we constantly take clues from the Judeo-Christian tradition as this is embodied in a philosophical heritage that comes down to us from the time of Aristotle. In particular, we rely heavily on that part of the Judeo-Christian tradition which is known as the heritage of the natural law.

There are other firmly fixed points of reference with respect to AMERICA policy. Certainly, one of them is the insistent social teaching of the modern Popes. Likewise, there are the pronouncements of the American hierarchy and of the hierarchies of other countries. Moreover, works of sound objective scholarship, from whatever source they come, help us in our policy determination.

Finally, I believe I should stress that in determining all matters of policy we start off with an attitude of Christian hope and Christian optimism. Thus, while we take full account of the Fall of Man and the weaknesses of human nature, we scorn fatalism, and we rest our resolute rejection of despair on the capacities of human free will elevated by divine grace and aided by the constant protection of divine Providence.

Q *For whom is AMERICA intended?*

EDITOR: For men and women who want serious, consistent opinion on the news of the day. We say what we think of a movie like King of Kings. We discuss trade and tariff policies, business ethics, books and theatre, science and music, the United Nations, the problems of Latin America and the struggle of the free world against communism. We believe that we have a readership which wants thoughtful commentary on these and a hundred other subjects which need to be weighed in the balance of Christian morality.

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THE COMMONWEAL
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THE COMMONWEAL

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS, LITERATURE AND THE ARTS

Lack of Demand

ON THE EVE of the national elections, candidates for Congress and state office have been examining the health of the American economy, either in praise or blame. The press has tended to discount the optimism of the President and the Secretary of Commerce while suggesting that these Administration sentiments should not be dismissed out of hand. But the promise of a business upturn encountered little echo among the executives gathered in Hot Springs, Virginia, for the meeting of the Business Council. The statistics indicate that the mild recovery that began in 1961 is fading fast.

As the stagnation in the national economy continues, the contrast with Western Europe grows more striking. On many counts the American situation suffers by comparison, whether it be the rate of growth, the flow of gold, strength of the demand for goods and services or, most important of all, the rate of unemployment. In fact our chronic unemployment rate of over five per cent provides a sharp contrast to continuing full employment in Europe.

The force of the suggestion grows that we should study the European experience and adopt methods that are proving eminently successful. Advocates of this view contend that if only this country would devote less attention to balancing the budget and maintaining the dollar we also could move ahead.

What are some of the forces behind a European recovery that has far surpassed the most sanguine hopes of the sponsors of the Marshall Plan? To begin with, these influences vary widely from country to country. In general, however, spurred on by the European Economic Community, there is an ever-expanding domestic market for goods and services. Living standards continue to rise from the extreme low of the immediate postwar period. (Even today the European worker has far to go to reach the material level of his employed American counterpart.) Secondly, because of the ability of European manufacturers to sell on a competitive basis, they have an expanding foreign market as well, which takes as much as one-fifth of West Germany's and two-fifths of Belgium's current production. So far there has been no let-up in demand.

In Europe, then, the main problem most frequently is to secure the capital and the human skills required to expand production. The various governments have come up with loans and subsidies for financing such expansion. In West Germany things have been going so well that these sums actually come from government surpluses; in other countries funds invested in expansion of basic industries are not included in the national budget. Only in this sense may it be said that these nations go in for planned deficits.

HOW DIFFERENT is the current problem for the American economy. Capital for expansion is not lacking; in fact, many of our larger corporations finance improved facilities from their own resources year after year. Labor likewise is plentiful, although there may be temporary shortages of certain skills. What is lacking over here is sustained demand commensurate with our productive capacity.

For this, as far as our vast domestic market is concerned, there are several reasons. As far back as 1957 postwar shortages of consumers goods had ended. In the past five years there has been a saturated market among Americans with effective purchasing power. Replacements and new households have not called for enough additional goods and services. The second reason is supplied by the thirty million without effective purchasing power: the unemployed and underemployed, unsuccessful small farmers and the like. Finally there are our inadequate public services.

What our economy needs is not more capital, nor increased industrial capacity, as in Europe, but an expanded market. Hence reducing banking requirements for reserves on savings and time deposits a

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percentage point, with a view to creating four and a half billions in potential new lending power, will have little effect, advisable as it may seem before elections. Likewise the only kind of impending tax cut that will prove highly effective would be on personal incomes in the lower brackets.

That leaves the area of lagging public services, which would appear to offer the greatest single field for providing jobs that would reduce poverty in America. Such things as hospital and school facilities, redevelopment in our deteriorating cities and new metropolitan transport systems would qualify. The pattern of European governmental spending would have little application over here at this juncture. What our NATO allies do demonstrate is the extent to which major government economic intervention to meet specific needs can pay off.

India Betrayed

WERE IT NOT such a serious matter, the major flare-up in fighting on the Indian-Chinese border would have all the makings of a grand melodrama on the ancient theme of innocence betrayed. For the central role of the innocent maiden one would doubtless be forced to choose that hitherto most improbable victim, Indian Defense Minister V. K. Krishna Menon; it would be one instance in which a person with a sometimes lurid past could still qualify as innocent. For the ever-faithful father of the betrayed, one would sadly have to choose Prime Minister Nehru. The villain, naturally, would be Chou En-lai.

Obviously such a melodrama would attract a large audience—all that vast legion who have, for years, been waiting for the self-righteous and didactic Mr. Menon to take a fall. Present also in the audience would be all those tough-minded, realistic men of our times who have smiled knowingly at Prime Minister Nehru's idealistic and moralistic attitude toward Red China. When the curtain finally fell, the audience would shout "we told you so."

Unfortunately, however, the whole drama would not quite ring true. It would lack those fine shadings, that moral sensibility which make the difference between truth and falsehood, melodrama and genuine tragedy. For the fault with the melodramatic rendering of the border war is that it leaves out the crucial point that India's innocence has always been in good part of an intelligent and not unworthy kind. It has been an innocence predicated on the very real fact that China has a far superior military force and far more to gain from a war with India than India would have with China. In short, given India's economic problems, its weak military defenses and its desire to stay out of the cold war, the course of unseeing innocence combined with a moralistic exterior had much to commend it as the course of wisdom. There was always the outside chance that virtue would triumph despite the harder wisdom of the cynics.

But virtue has not triumphed. For all the nice things India has had to say about the character of Red China, for all its patience and readiness to think the best despite the evidence, the obvious truth remains that China has acted in a villainous manner. While it may well be true, as many reports have it, that the Chinese objectives are for the moment limited ones, it seems inescapable that China cares not a whit for Indian rights and has no intention of engaging in honorable negotiations.

At this uncertain stage of the struggle, it is not at all clear just what the United States should do beyond offering moral support. But the one thing Americans ought not to do is to insult India for its purported naiveté. However misguided in many ways, India's stance toward Red China has not been without its ennobling aspects. If all nations had been as non-belligerent toward other nations as India has been toward China, history might have shown far fewer wars. Let us at least give credit to India for some good impulses.

N.E.A. Outmoded?

THE DEFEAT of the college aid bill has received note and comment on these pages before. It is, as the saying goes, "blood under the bridge." Yet the aftermath of the debate over that bill has been useful, since it has caused not a few people to take a second look at the role of the powerful National Education Association in the post-Sputnik age.

For it is now generally agreed that the efforts of the N.E.A. played a large part in the defeat of the College Aid Bill. The N.E.A., it will be recalled, dispatched a telegram to every single member of Congress, urging them to table the bill. This was done on the ground that the bill's provision for grants to private and church-related schools "imperils America's traditional concept of separation of church and state." In a wonderful demonstration of the power of lobbies in a democracy, the bill was tabled—and the College of St. Hippias, let us say, again put off buying the electron miscroscope that it needed.

As much as it was agreed that the N.E.A. was principally responsible for the defeat of the bill, it was also generally acknowledged the N.E.A. does not represent higher education in America. The

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American Council on Education, which does represent higher education, both supported the college aid bill and sharply criticized the N.E.A. for helping to scuttle it.

It is indeed a sorry state of affairs when the organizations that represent American education, secondary and higher, cannot get together on their common goals. (Or perhaps they do not share common goals.) This unfortunate situation was only more vividly pointed up in the recent comments of Dr. Sterling McMurrin, who resigned as Commissioner of Education in August.

Dr. McMurrin, who is plainly a man of great integrity, made it clear that he resigned his post chiefly in order to return to his job as professor of philosophy at the University of Utah. It is well that this reflective man recounted some of the observations he made during his short tenure.

Dr. McMurrin was especially critical of the "bureaucratic shortcomings" of the N.E.A. and said that "it is in danger of moving toward national control of education." At the same time, and paradoxically, he noted that "the lack of unity of purpose among the representatives of education in Washington" is "a national disgrace to education." But most sobering, perhaps, was Dr. McMurrin's remark that the N.E.A. "is not interested in higher education, is cool to the private schools and is pathologically opposed to the parochial schools."

These remarks pose a disturbing dilemma. For apparently we are poised between the choices of a monolithic educational organization (which would be intolerable) and a chaos of educational lobbies (which would be hardly less undesirable). Yet it would seem, in view of Dr. McMurrin's criticisms, that the very least we could expect is that the organizations which *do* have their first interest in higher education will have at least as much weight in public opinion as those which do not.

As for the college aid bill itself, we shall leave the last word to President Pusey of Harvard. "It is a sad outcome," he said, "since the main section of the bill was designed to provide funds for the construction of libraries and laboratories desperately needed if this country is to achieve the full scientific advance of which it is capable."

A Good Beginning

ONE OF THE surprising things about the course of the Council so far is that the daily events taking place at St. Peter's have received so much attention in the secular press. For once, it may turn out that the diocesan coverage will lag behind in the reporting of precisely those events which should most concern it. In one sense, however, the secular press has a decided advantage over the religious press. Ignoring the spiritual implications of the proceedings, which are necessarily beyond its competence, it can concentrate on those groups, personalities and trends which are likely to have an impact on the voting. But just for that reason, it is not hard to see why someone like Bishop Fulton J. Sheen should complain that the secular press is treating the Council as if it were some kind of political convention.

No doubt there is a genuine problem here. For it is a fact, on the one hand, that personalities, factions and spheres of influence do make a great difference in the voting results. But it is also true, on the other, that the Holy Spirit guides the deliberations of the Council; more is involved than the comparative strength of opposing groups.

With that necessary distinction made, let us openly express our pleasure in the turn of events to date. Specifically, we think it all to the good that Cardinals Liénart and Frings were able successfully to challenge the predispositions of the Curia and gain a broad spectrum of bishops for the working commissions. And if the rumors are true of the emergence of a strong Afro-Asian group, themselves ready to exert some leverage, we welcome that development as well.

In sum, we welcome any trends which will guarantee that the Council will bring out for full discussion many of the very real differences of opinion which exist within the Church. If this means a Council which at times will become emotionally charged, we see no harm in that. The appearance of unanimity may serve Catholic peace of mind; but the full debating of differences may better serve the truth.

Ahab's Folly

FOR A SMALL sum the curious can view a white, bottle-nosed porpoise named Carolina Snowball seaquestered in a Miami Seaquarium. We do not know how Carolina feels about this sudden fame of hers. She must at least be amused by the sight of so many "higher cousins" ringed around to watch her play. As for us, we see in this rare albino mammal, with an eye for allegory, the potential degradation of a Great American Myth.

We cannot help viewing Carolina Snowball as the Poor Man's Moby Dick. (Actually, she is nearer to the Rich Man's White Elephant, since she cost $5,000.) Rightly or wrongly, we see in this trapped and domesticated beast a farcical commentary on Capt. Ahab's quest. At least D. H. Lawrence, in his

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Classical Studies of American Literature, could find in the voyage of the *Pequod* a very type of the American adventure. Yet if there is such thing as the American folly, Carolina can symbolize that.

Actually there are compensations to the contemplation of this poor, bottled-up, bottle-nose porpoise. They are chiefly that the number of cranks who doubt the very existence of a white whale will be reduced. For the sight of a white near-relative should quiet their skepticism. At any rate, we will let the tamer sorts have their sport in viewing Carolina, since we have just received intelligence that Moby Dick himself is about to surface again in the Bering Straits, and we are bound away.

Mosley on Campus

THE SAME DAY that James H. Meredith was turned back in his third bid to enter the University of Mississippi, with unruly students and helmeted state policemen swarming over the Oxford campus, another demonstration was occurring at a university in the Northeast.

In what promised to be the opening gun in a battle to test the luxuries of academic freedom in the university system of the State of New York, more than twelve hundred students and faculty at the University of Buffalo heard out Sir Oswald Mosley, head of the prewar British Union of Fascists. No one really expected that Sir Oswald would be successful in marketing his brand of neo-fascism, but the fact that he spoke at the newest addition to the State University, already under fire from the know-nothings for allowing his appearance, represents a point of departure from which the academic community cannot turn back.

For the students, Mosley's appearance represented a laboratory experiment in practical political concerns which had been foreign to the campus for many years. More than one thousand participated in well-organized demonstrations against him and against fascism. A minority among them were opposed to his very appearance, but most defended the position of the Student Association, under whose invitation Mosley came to the campus to kick off a five-part "political spectrum" series, where representatives of different ideologies would present their concept of the "role of the state."

The anti-fascist demonstrations, missing from most American colleges for the past fifteen years, were more than an undergraduate fluke. "I've never seen students so worked up over something like this," a faculty member offered as students jammed into the university's new Norton Union. "For two days now my freshmen English classes have been shelved for a discussion on fascism, something which most of them could not have satisfactorily explained if asked to a week ago."

A youthful member of the sponsoring Student Senate passed the word to students checking identification that facsimile admission cards had been printed up, and to make a "smudge" test to detect the forgeries. Topcoats and brief cases were checked outside the hall where the talk was to be held, as university officials exercised caution over the safety of Sir Oswald. At least two dozen police, plain clothesmen and FBI agents spotted themselves in the audience; a pre-arranged student cordon protected Mosley when he entered the room and as he left—in both instances by a side door. Placards denouncing fascism lined the steps as the student audience filed in.

Before the lecture began, some five hundred students, faculty members and representatives of the community organizations protesting against Mosley held a "rally for freedom against fascism" on the steps of nearby Lockwood library. Leaders of Jewish groups, the NAACP and a local Republican legislator denounced Mosley as representative of a philosophy which had sent untold numbers to concentration camps and extermination chambers.

A dummy representing the British fascist leader was hanging in effigy from a light pole in front of the Union as Mosley made his entrance. Signs recalling Mosley's three years in prison in wartime Britain were evident in the placard-dotted demonstration. Others urged to "Unite and fight the Ultra-Right."

SIR OSWALD'S contribution to the student political spectrum had not the color of the home-grown lunacies of George Lincoln Rockwell, however. Those who managed to sit through his hour-long lecture did so mainly for the question period which was to include an eight-member student-faculty panel.

With the exception of scattered jeers, hissing and a few vocal taunts, the hostility of the audience was restrained. Only one student heckler was escorted from the hall when he persisted in lengthy interruptions. A section reserved for local clergymen included at least a half-dozen rabbis, and shouts of "Nazi" and "you lie" were concentrated from this area. Mosley himself maintained his composure throughout, denied that World War II atrocities had anything more to do with the creed of fascism than "Hiroshima did to American democracy," protested that he was not a racist and declared that "European Union" had superseded fascism.

A faculty member of the questioning panel stalked from the hall after protesting the taunts of a woman who repeated several times, "You are an anti-Semite." Audience hostility erupted during the unfinished question period but the group which had militantly opposed Mosley followed the instructions of their spokes-

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man, who declared before the lecture that "we will demonstrate our dislike by asking dignified questions or by remaining silent." Plans for a walkout or sitting with backs to the speaker were abandoned. After speaking, Mosley was escorted through the crowd by the head of the Buffalo Police Department's "anti-subversive squad."

The committee on political ideologies chose Sir Oswald as one who could "intelligently articulate" an intellectual neo-fascism. Although Mosley was a graduate of Britain's Sandhurst, a member of Ramsey MacDonald's cabinet, and at one time considered his successor as prime minister, his selection still produced a strong reaction from those who would like to lay down the ground rules for a state-think factory system.

Their spokesman—as both student and faculty leaders had anticipated—was State Senator Walter J. Mahoney, the Republican majority whip at Albany and a veteran of a previous attempt to limit dialogue in the state university earlier this year. Senator Mahoney, described by many as the most powerful man in the state, takes his position while strongly defending his "support of academic freedom along with my friends in the university community."

To Buffalo Rotarians, however, Mr. Mahoney declared on the day after the Mosley speech that he would seek a "more enlightened attitude" in the state educational picture in the future, and said he would seek consultations with the chairman of the board of trustees of the State University to prevent any recurrence of the "ill-advised" Buffalo lecture series. "We must define a line between freedom and license," the Senator told applauding Rotary members, "in this business of making available the platforms of our state-supported institutions to stupid individuals . . . and zealots." He darkly hinted that something "might be done" by the time Dr. Herbert Aptheker, a communist historian, speaks at the end of the month.

Aptheker, anchor man on the left side of the spectrum, is bound to be the next storm center. Conservative philosopher Russell Kirk followed Mosley, with Senator Eugene McCarthy discussing liberalism and Norman Thomas billed for a lecture on socialism. The Buffalo *Evening News,* "stoutly defending" the right of the students to invite Mosley, questioned their judgment in scheduling a spokesman for "ADA-style liberalism" while ignoring "moderate Republicanism as represented by this state's principal elected officials, its governor and two senators."

Last March the *News* took a strong stand for academic freedom against "political interference in the state university system," following the attempt to prevent the appearance of Dr. Linus Pauling at Syracuse University. Senator Mahoney had made his first strong bid to limit freedom of the choice regarding speakers with the Pauling incident. The impending merger of the former University of Buffalo with the State University suggested the probability of the current test.

How far Senator Mahoney can lean on the state trustees will depend upon the stand taken by the Buffalo authorities prior to the Aptheker talk. The university's chancellor, Dr. Clifford C. Furnas, a former Assistant Secretary of Defense, has already proven himself to be an eloquent champion of the principle of academic freedom. Last year he upheld the right of student critics of the House Committee on Un-American Activities to distribute literature on the campus. (New York *Times* editorial reprints had been termed "Communist handbills" and had prompted an "investigation" on campus by the police subversive unit.) This time Dr. Furnas defended the Mosley visit:

"If there be an issue it is an issue of education. Can and should young people who are now receiving their last formal education in a university setting be permitted to investigate directly and at first hand any idea advanced by man? Evil ideas which in our age are spread about us must also be studied by scholars and students if they are to be dealt with. . . . I trust our students to judge properly what will be said [by Mosley]."

"The point with Senator Mahoney and others like him who would like the series canceled," added a member of the Student Senate, "is they do not trust us as students, nor do they have any faith in the democratic process. They want canned ideas and an insulated society—paid for by the taxpayers, of course."

SOME FACULTY members at the university feel that the real crisis passed with the Mosley speech going off without incident. "Those who wanted to see the spectrum series cancelled were waiting—and hoping—for a student scuffle," one department head said. "If someone had tried to rush Mosley and the audience went out of hand they would have chorused: 'We told you so!' Then they would start calling the shots for these 'crazy egghead professors' and their impressionable students. But the students demonstrated the maturity some politicians have declared was not present, and far beyond what they refer to as 'license'."

Senator Mahoney, however, has reaffirmed his plan to see that the "untutored minds" of university students are protected from the queer ideologies of the political spectrum. Coming weeks will tell if the visit of a British fascist to Buffalo represented a skirmish or a battle in a fight which will affect the intellectual freedom of New York's state university system—and undoubtedly the state of freedom on campuses elsewhere as well.

RUSSELL W. GIBBONS

(Russell W. Gibbons is editor of a weekly newspaper, vice chairman of the Niagara Frontier [Buffalo] branch of the American Civil Liberties Union, and an officer of the Catholic Council on Civil Liberties.)

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Survey of the Situation

LAST WEEK in this space I commented on critic Father Andrew M. Greeley's recent criticism of criticism. In sum, Father Greeley held that the critics were not presenting a balanced picture; even when their charges were true, he thought, they tended to ignore the vast progress that has been made in recent years.

This is, of course, a note that is frequently sounded. It is true that we have had much self-criticism in recent years, and in a way I can sympathize with those who are tired of it. No one likes a steady diet of criticism, especially if progress seems to be ignored. At the same time I am convinced that the self-criticism of recent years has been invaluable to us—in the Catholic press, in Catholic education, in our relationship with those outside the Church.

In any case I thought of Father Greeley when I got around to reading the results of a recent poll conducted by the magazine *Eucharist* and reported in the Davenport *Catholic Messenger* under the head, "Poll Says U.S. Laity Feels Some Changes Are Urgently Needed in Life of the Church." Carried out with the cooperation of twenty diocesan papers, the poll put twenty-four questions on the Council and the life of the Church to Catholic men and women across the United States. The results struck me as interesting.

Are American Catholics satisfied with the present somewhat ambiguous Catholic position on "toleration" and religious freedom? Eighty-seven per cent said they thought clarification was needed. Ninety-two per cent thought it should be made clear to non-Catholics that the Church is ready to make every possible change to improve chances for Christian unity, provided essentials are safeguarded—a response, I take it, which means that those answering felt that this fact is not already clear.

As far as the role of the laity and the question of "free speech in the Church" is concerned, the response was overwhelming. Eighty-nine per cent saw a need for better channels for the laity to make their views known to the hierarchy. Eighty-four per cent felt there should be a greater consultative voice for the laity in Church and school administration.

This conviction was accompanied on the part of many by a rather sober view of lay readiness for such increased participation. Only a bare majority of fifty-two per cent thought the layman was ready to play his proper role; the rest favored more efforts along the lines of adult education programs and the like to prepare the laity to play their part.

The hunger for liturgical participation showed up strongly. A full ninety-seven per cent of those responding asked for more effective guidance to make the liturgy better understood and lived, and seventy-one per cent favored partial introduction of English in the Mass. Eighty-eight per cent asked for greater stress on and instruction in the Bible.

Seventy-nine per cent favored a clarification of the kind of obedience laymen owe to Pope, Bishop, pastor and priest. Sixty-seven per cent asked revision or abolishment of the Index of Forbidden Books; eighty-three per cent asked for more emphasis on the universal spirituality of the Church and less on particular devotions.

With the recent discussion of lay-clerical tensions fresh in everyone's mind, the survey asked if anti-clericalism was a serious danger in America. Happily, a full sixty-five per cent said no, with those who said yes warning not of any European-style anti-clericalism but of the day-to-day estrangement that can develop if mutual attitudes are not readjusted.

Fifty-three per cent of those queried said the coming Council need not attempt to define new dogmas, but fifty-seven per cent wanted the Council to declare the Church's position on thermonuclear warfare. The trend to decentralization found support among fifty-nine per cent, who thought there should be more stress on the local authority and importance of Bishops. Finally, echoing a very familiar lay complaint, fully seventy per cent saw a need for better fulfillment of the directives of the Holy See.

What is one to make of all this? Perhaps this is another case in which an optimist would call the glass half-full while a pessimist would call it half-empty. In one way it is very heartening to think that eighty-eight per cent of those responding want more instruction in the Scriptures. In another way, though, the figures simply mean that these eighty-eight are not receiving the Biblical instruction they want in their parishes. Similarly, it is good that seventy per cent want better fulfillment of directives from Rome; turned around, though, it means that in the experience of this very large segment not enough attention is being paid to papal directives on the local level right now.

I'd like to do what may be impossible and have the best of both positions. I am truly impressed by the level of the responses to this survey, and in itself this strikes me as a sign of hope; at the same time some of the answers seem to indicate how much remains to be done, how discouragingly slow reforms are in some areas of our Catholic life. Above all, though, the survey confirms in my mind an already strong conviction: that many laymen in America are ready and eager to play a far larger role in the life of the Church and that so far their talents have hardly been tapped. JAMES O'GARA

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Leslie Dewart

War and the Christian Tradition

Is the character of war in our nuclear age impossible to justify for the religious conscience?

THERE is an ancient and unbroken Christian tradition against the unconditional rejection of war, or against pacifism understood as the doctrine of "peace at all costs." This view rests upon two principles, both of which are as authoritative as they are reasonable.

The first is that under certain conditions war can be justified. Christians have always thought that physical violence of itself is neither good nor evil and that, therefore, its use is either good or evil depending upon the moral quality of the effect it essentially achieves. The surgeon, for instance, inflicts pain, wounds the flesh and sheds blood but, evidently, he is perfectly justified in doing so. Similarly, though every war has some evil effects which, if sought for themselves or for an evil end, would render war unjust, some wars are rendered just if they are the only possible means to achieve a necessary, lawful end. On this basis Christians have distinguished between aggressive war, which is never just, and defensive war, which may be justified and even a duty at times.

Recently, however, such Catholic thinkers as Thomas Merton ["Nuclear War and Christian Responsibility," The Commonweal, Feb. 9, 1962] and Karl Stern ["The Case for Christian Pacifism," *The Catholic Worker*, April, 1962] have pointed out that the argument, though valid, may not be applicable to modern, nuclear war, on the grounds that modern war, as they suggest, seems to be an essentially different type from that traditionally envisaged. Few would deny that war has undergone some alteration in modern times. The question is whether the nature of the difference makes modern war intrinsically evil and, therefore, such as cannot be justified even as a means to an otherwise morally worthy end. More precisely: is there a balance point gradually reached by the cumulative weight of imperceptible changes beyond which war can be said to have essentially changed in social and moral character? Father Merton's and Dr. Stern's suggestions deserve exploration.

It might be argued that we have lived through several centuries of constant growth in war-power without suspecting that anything was morally amiss. Why, then, should we be morally troubled by its latest increase? It may be, on the other hand, that these changes took place so gradually that we had become conditioned to them. Yet it may also be that legitimate moral hesitation is no longer postponable, for in our generation the tempo of change has suddenly accelerated, and the Christian conscience is brought up short by the enormity of the destructive power of nuclear weapons, and many have begun to take thought.

But here, too, there is another pitfall, namely, to allow our emotions, particularly fear and sentimentality, to take the place of reasonable ethical reflection. To be guided exclusively by what is shocking and horrible about nuclear war might not be much wiser than callously to suppress all qualms of a conscience aroused, yes, but not disturbed at all. For it may not be the overwhelming quantity of war-power that makes modern, nuclear war immoral, and we might do ourselves a disservice to state the problem in terms other than the quality of modern war. It may be, in other words, that nuclear war is not evil because it is nuclear but, on the contrary, that modern war is nuclear because it is evil in the first place.

THAT MODERN WAR is nuclear because it is whatever kind of war it antecedently is, is easy to demonstrate. It was only with war aforethought that we developed nuclear power. We did not stumble upon it, as with gunpowder, and then were tempted to use it. We needed it and, therefore, we made it be.

This fact may mean that our problem is not defined by the sort of weapons we do in fact use but rather by the sort of war which searches for the weapons we do in fact design. Does this not, alone, indicate a basic change in the social structure of war? It may be that the term *war* is only equivocally applied, on the one hand, to the violent resolution of human conflict, as traditionally, by socially and culturally unpremeditated means and, on the other, to the sort of war that has evolved therefrom, namely, the sort of war in which, for instance, if nuclear power were suddenly unavailable, we would invent something worse to take its place.

But how does this, if at all, affect the intrinsic moral

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status of war? Let us recall at this point the quality of primitive war. There surely must have been within its texture an element of humanness that suggested a legitimate distinction, for example, between honorable and dishonorable combat.

There can be, after all, an heroic element to some war, and it is possible to admire the qualities of courage and selflessness that can come out of it. Under certain conditions even a certain sporting quality, not altogether inhuman, could be discerned in it. One can well understand, for instance, and share, the feelings that were enshrined in classical epic poetry and in the early mediaeval *geste*.

By the end of the sixteenth century, however, the ideal of a hero whose heroism consisted in chivalry and nobility towards the enemy was sufficiently tarnished for Cervantes to satirize; and before the end of the eighteenth a prototype of the modern world war had made its appearance in Europe. Frederick the Great is well remembered for his contribution in this respect, namely, the creation of the modern army; and von Clausewitz, early in the nineteenth, transmuted war from a fine art into an exact science. The important point, however, is not that war began to acquire efficiency, nor that it began to involve an ever increasing number of people but, rather, that it began to acquire the impersonal and inhuman configuration that reaches its proper form in the aseptic and detached competence of modern twentieth century mechanized war.

It was not until the second half of World War I that the last vestige of humanness appears to have been shed by war when Ludendorff introduced the concept of total war into the political life of our times—a concept which, elaborated into a full-fledged theory in his work *Der Totale Krieg*, published in 1935, was to serve as the foundation of the military apparatus of Nazi Germany and of the socio-political theory of war unquestioningly accepted by both sides in World War II. As conceived and practiced by Ludendorff and since, war was no longer to involve simply large numbers of individuals but, rather, collectivities and, indeed, totalities.

For example, the normal, peacetime economy of a country adopting total war as the kind of war it will eventually wage, becomes a *Wehrwirtschaft*, a war economy, as it did in Nazi Germany in the years before World War II and as we have witnessed more recently among all the participants in the peace called the Cold War. The nation prepared to wage total war must be geared to war even in peace; peace thus becomes an abnormal economic condition bearable only because the totality of citizens is engaged in the peacetime "war-effort."

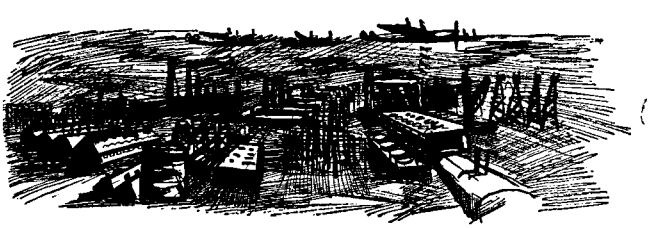
FROM the point of view of ethics, however, the most important point, once the prospective war envisaged by society is total war, is not that the economic consequences thereof may make peace an ultimate impossibility (though a good case might be made on economic grounds alone that the adoption of total war as the only possibility makes the waging of total war the only likelihood). What we need to consider is that total war, as the concept has developed in theory and in fact, does not simply mean a war pursued relentlessly. It means a war pursued relentlessly because victory has been adopted as the *raison d'être* of the society at war. This comes about when a society mistakes the inalienable right to self-defense for the absolute right to exist which, in the Judaeo-Christian tradition, no creature can ever possess.

This may be the turning point. A society waging total war must seek total victory—that is, it must be disposed to seek the unfailing and final destruction of the enemy, for to wage total war is to identify the existence and end of man with the existence and end of one society to the exclusion of another. Some may wish to dispute it, but it seems a matter of fact that, as it became total, modern war did indeed begin to claim for determinate countries, races and nations the totality of the right to exist, since it claimed for them the totality of the right to survive. For total war cannot risk any defeat when it can risk only total defeat.

Logically, the outcome of postulating an absolute right to exist is the subordination of every value to survival. That is exactly the doctrine we implicitly confess, for example, every time we try to still an argument with the objection that it coincides with the enemy's purposes or with his current propaganda line, rather than by the simple test of whether the argument is true or false. We confess to that belief every time we measure our policies by their value towards winning the cold war rather than by their own intrinsic justice and fairness. Naturally, for we have come to conceive the criterion of justice as that which furthers our survival and tends towards the enemy's defeat.

Now if we define what ought to survive as some determinate society to the exclusion of another, may we justify a war that ensures our survival on the grounds that it is a defensive war? The two, survival and defense, are not necessarily the same.

Defensive war is justified despite its being war, and not because of it. It may be allowed precisely because death to the aggressor is not sought directly, but only by the accident of its unavoidable conjunction with another, lawful, directly intended effect. But when war



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seeks to kill and destroy as a matter of right, which is exactly what we do when we claim the right to promote our nation's security above all, war is no longer defensive except accidentally, and the accidentally produced defense is not enough to justify the adoption of a means, namely, war, that has become intrinsically wrong. In short, war can remain defensive as long as it does not of its very nature deny to the enemy the right to exist. If it does, then it becomes essentially aggressive, even when it is waged in reaction to prior, unjust aggression itself.

One might well wonder, therefore, whether total war is not essentially (and not merely accidentally) anti-social and anti-human, for its very totality denies the concept of the unity of human kind. And it may be the essentially anti-social nature of total war that accounts for the fact that hatred is no longer either war's simple cause or its simple effect, but has become also an instrument of war. It would be a very young person, or very unreflective, who did not today have some personal experience of the fact that total war requires the conscious and premeditated exacerbation of the passions of whole peoples and the manipulation of men's attitudes through propaganda and the distortion of news and public information.

Be that as it may, it remains that it is because war has become total, absolute, recognizing no limitations, no boundaries and no measure other than victory, that it has logically resulted in the complete obliteration of the distinction between combatant and non-combatant, between soldier and civilian, between chivalry and unscrupulousness, between fair and unfair combat and, ultimately, therefore, the distinction between aggressive and defensive war. Defensive war may well be perfectly justified: it seems that modern war simply does not qualify. It may be, in other words, that the Judaeo-Christian ethic excludes not only the doctrine of peace at all costs, but also that which total war in effect proposes instead, namely, survival at all costs.

I SAID in the beginning that Christian tradition on war rested upon two principles, and so far I have considered only the first. Yet the view that war can be justified rests even more fundamentally upon the principle that mere biological survival is not the supreme value of human existence.

Christians have always held that there are many values for which life, limb and possessions may have to be sacrificed. Truth, for example, and honor in the sight of God, and righteousness are clearly to be preferred to mere life. It is paradoxical that this very principle which justifies defensive war engenders the gravest and most adical condemnation of modern total war.

For if it is true that we must be ready to inflict death upon others in virtue of the principle that certain values are more precious than human life, we must be ready also to lay down our own, even at the hands of the unjust, rather than let injustice possess our souls. It is because we are not ready to do so that the international situation today presents us not with one problem, but two: the problem of possible aggression and the problem of actual escalation. The first may well be a problem because they behave like Russians. The second is a problem because we reply in kind.

Thus what may be morally most questionable about our international policies today is precisely the underlying and pervasive assumption that our survival is the highest value to which every other value must be subordinated. We seem to think that since our social, political and religious ideologies are correct and superior to those of our enemies, we are entitled to ensure our survival and our victory irrespective of consequences—even the spiritual consequences to ourselves. But it may be that the truth and nobility of our ideologies create obligations that are rather less comfortable than the doctrine of survival at all costs. It may well be that the truth of our religious faith and our political creeds requires us heroically to choose to run the risk of either enslavement or ultimate destruction rather than to inflict nuclear genocide even upon the wicked and the unjust.

It goes without saying that to run risks is not the same as to run foolish risks. No one, to my knowledge, has seriously suggested, for instance, that we lay down the last of our weapons before our opponents begin to reciprocate. Some of us believe, however, that the rightness of our position does not preclude and may well demand that we take the initiative in peacemaking and that we scrupulously adhere to our strictest canons of truthfulness, charity, justice and fair play. This is what, demonstrably, we have consistently refused to do on the grounds that it would be unsafe. Of course, if the promotion of our security is our supreme political principle it might be folly to follow any other course.

But the exquisite irony of this wisdom of the worldly-wise is that, for all its immorality, it does not in the end ensure survival and, indeed, is widely thought to impair it somewhat. For the Russians, no less pragmatic than ourselves, reason just as we do, and many on our side will grant even among the proponents of nuclear deterrence, that the greatest immediate threat to peace arises from the political symmetry between East and West.

Pope Pius XII seems to have foreseen this when shortly after the onset of the cold war he wrote: "Both parties want peace while both endanger it: on the one side by arousing distrust, on the other by promoting a security which can prepare the way for aggression. Thus both, without wishing it, compromise the cause of peace at the very time when the human race . . . shudders at the thought of a future catastrophe." [*Christmas Message*, 1948.]

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What is not symmetrical is the spiritual responsibility we bear if we promote such security or if we prefer survival above all. Ours is the greater responsibility if ours is the greater truth; and if our enemies are unscrupulous, machiavellian and wicked, then surely we cannot simply for the sake of military victory or even for the sake of the mundane success of our ideologies descend to compete with them on their own terms. It is the very evil of Communism that makes it imperative that we of the Judaeo-Christian tradition do not behave like Communists. Perhaps we might consider behaving like peoples who fear neither being Red nor being dead a fraction as much as doing what is morally wrong.

THOMAS E. BIRD

The Orthodox at the Council

A Russian surprise, an Orthodox division

IT HAS BEEN clear from the earliest planning about the Second Vatican Council that one of Pope John's major concerns is an improvement of relations with the Eastern Orthodox Churches. After many misleading press releases about Orthodox conversations with Rome, the opening of the Council took place with no official delegate-observers from any major Orthodox Church.

Then, vying with the Holy Father's dramatic speech to the diplomats assembled in the Sistine Chapel, came the news that two representatives of the Moscow Patriarchate would attend Vatican II as official delegate-observers. The implication was clear that the diplomatic skill of Monsignor John Willebrands' visit in Moscow had been the decisive element involved in their decision to come.

Apart from the charisma which anything Russian enjoys in the popular press, these appointments are of considerable significance because of the size and unique position of the Russian Orthodox Church. Moreover, the caliber of the men indicates that Moscow has an earnest concern for informed and competent representation. Both are broadly educated and well-versed in ecumenical affairs. (Archpriest Borovoi is a professor on the faculty of the Leningrad Theological Academy and has participated in the work of the Pan-Orthodox Congress at Rhodes and at the second plenary meeting of the World Council of Churches at New Delhi. He is a member of the executive board of the World Council of Churches. Archimandrite Kotlyarov has served in Jerusalem where his assignments have included numerous interconfessional matters.)

Their arrival raises the obvious question: why, at the eleventh hour, did Moscow (of all the Orthodox Churches) make such a move? For many months now the question of whether there would be any Orthodox participation and, if so, what its nature would be has exercised the fancy of churchmen throughout the world. The press gave the question increasing prominence as October 11 approached. Then, just before the Council opened, it became known that a poll had been taken among the several Orthodox Churches by the Patriarch of Constantinople, resulting in a common decision to abstain from having any kind of representation. This decision was met with outspoken annoyance on the part of the Greek press and from certain Protestant quarters.

Patriarch Alexei of Moscow had declared during a visit to Belgrade that Vatican II would be a purely internal affair of the Roman Catholic Church and as such the Russians would reject any invitation proferred them to attend. The Secretary of the Patriarchal Office for Foreign Affairs, Archbishop Nikodim, amplified this statement by affirming that his Church could not assist in any capacity whatsoever. This *non possumus* was made official in articles which appeared in the *Journal of the Moscow Patriarchate.*

It is not surprising, against this background, that the arrival of two bearded and black-robed Russian Orthodox prelates caused observers considerable consternation. The question in everyone's mind was "What does this mean for the Orthodox world . . . for the Russian Church . . . for Catholicism?"

A STATEMENT from the Primate of the Church of Greece provided one answer. He saw in this act of the Moscow Patriarchate "a serious blow to the unity o. Orthodoxy" in view of the common decision to refrain from sending delegates. From the Orthodox point of view, this step is the latest chapter in a long-standing

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enmity between Constantinople, the New Rome, and Moscow, the Third Rome.

Widely-made references to Constantinople as "the supreme leader of Orthodoxy" are dangerously misleading. Constantinople's claim to primacy within Orthodoxy has been a topic of much discussion for several decades and is by no means a principle enjoying uniform acceptance in practice. Several of the national Orthodox Churches have chosen to ignore the anathemas of the Ecumenical Patriarchate, which has often been more conscious of its role as a vehicle of Hellenic culture than as the center of a universal Christendom. These several Churches have announced their autocephaly in the face of pronouncements of excommunication, only to be declared canonical by Constantinople with the passage of time.

By all means the most serious contender for the role of primate within the Orthodox world is the Moscow Patriarchate. Moscow quietly moved to assume the Ecumenical mantle of leadership some fifteen years ago and met with vigorous objection from Istanbul. The following year, at the instance of Moscow, a meeting was convened which acted in every important particular like an Orthodox Ecumenical Council. Shortly thereafter one of the leading hierarchs of the Muscovite Church announced that the title of Ecumenical Patriarch (held by Constantinople) was "devoid of any significance" and that Moscow was in fact the "center of Orthodoxy." It is difficult to think that Moscow did not deliberately time her decision to embarrass Athenagoras and indicate thereby that she has no intention of subscribing to decisions (which at least may seem to her to have been) taken by the Ecumenical See.

THE CURRENT situation, then, is that the two Russian priests, Fathers Borovoi and Kotlyarov, are the only delegates from a canonical Orthodox jurisdiction (and that, a major patriarchate). The other Russians in attendance at the Council are representatives of one of the several jurisdictions "in exile," *i.e.*, not in communion with the Patriarchal See of Moscow, and thereby not in communion with the other Churches of Orthodox Christendom. They thus enjoy a very questionable canonicity, despite the influence of their numbers and the unquestioned prowess of some of their theologians.

This two-man delegation will surely be welcomed with gladness by all those who have followed the irenic development of the Russian Church. It represents the most recent stage in a growing mood within Russian Orthodoxy whereby her bishops and theologians have sought to engage in serious dialogue with "the heterodox."

In 1960 the Moscow Patriarchate established a Commission for Inter-Christian Relations, to which Father Borovoi was named. In 1961 the Moscow Patriarchate petitioned for membership and was received into the World Council of Churches. This was followed late this summer by a three-week visit to the Soviet Union by a delegation of thirteen American church leaders. Among the topics discussed with the patriarchate was the possibility of the exchange of seminary students and delegations of experts in such fields as theology and liturgy.

Earlier this year the Primate of All England, Archbishop Arthur M. Ramsey was received by Patriarch Alexei. Talks have recently been resumed with the Old Catholics after a hiatus of nearly fifty years. A significant cultivation of good relations and discussions has been taking place with the Monophysite Patriarchates and Catholicates, most recently during Patriarch Alexei's month-long visit to the Near East. And now two priest-representatives have been dispatched from the Third Rome to Ancient Rome, where they were received by a Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church.

From the Catholic viewpoint, their presence must be viewed with both pleasure and regret. Pleasure, in that their participation is a radically new step in the unfolding ecumenism of the Russian Orthodox Church. (Though, regrettably, it has exacerbated the classic Greco-Russian quarrel over substantive precedence and once again the waters of intra-Orthodox relations are muddied, arraying that Church into the two camps our Cold War era has come to take so much for granted.) Regret, too, since in announcing that invitations would be extended to Orthodox and Protestant churchmen, Cardinal Bea remarked that a notable result of the presence of these Christian leaders and theologians would be the removal of misunderstandings and a resulting greater spirit of charity. As Catholics we cannot but be saddened that this invitation could not have been more widely accepted in the spirit in which it was tendered. The rent in Christ's seamless robe will not be repaired by faintheartedness.

Portrait of Gertrude Stein

(After Picasso)

He has placed
his head upon her body
and the image of her words
in his eyes. The pose
is hers. Round in the beginning
turning into cubes,
cylinders, spheres, cones.
It is his face and her feeling
(It is the way she was to look)
She meditates sentences.
He looks at her so long
she sees it his way,
his likeness.

NICHOLAS ARCOMANO

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ANN MORRISSETT

A One-Way Journey

Travel and travail in the Middle East

HAVING GONE directly to Israel from Europe some months ago, I did not have much notion, until recently, of the Middle East as a whole. Its identity as a whole is still enigmatic, but I have some fairly vivid impressions of what the Middle East is like for someone who goes out of Israel into Jordan, tries unsuccessfully to cross Syria and arrives in Lebanon in time for an attempted *coup d'état.*

Going from Israel into any of the surrounding Arab States is in the first place no easy task. But it can be done legally in one place, the Mandelbaum Gate in Jerusalem. Thousands of Christians obtain special passes at Christmas time to visit the Old City of Jerusalem in Jordan and return to Israel. Otherwise the "Gate," named for a certain Mr. Mandelbaum who happened to live nearby, is a one-way proposition. Physically it is only a deserted hill of rubble consisting of barbed wire and a few temporary structures on both sides of a No Man's Land through which occasionally certified tourists and diplomats pass.

In Israel I had hardly been aware of the state of war which still exists, except for the large number of army youths one sees everywhere. Even newspaper items about border incidents and infiltrators generally did not have the impact of the reality one experiences personally. But when I walked up to the Mandelbaum Gate with my valise in one hand and my U.S. passport and "certificate of Christianity" (issued by the Jerusalem YMCA) in the other, I suddenly began to feel the war closing in. In fact I felt almost a traitor to the Israelis, who had given me generous hospitality and who themselves were unable to pass through this gate under such privileged circumstances—or any circumstances.

Leaving the Israeli barracks, I walked into the bleak clearing labeled No Man's Land where I was met by a lone Arab eager to carry my bag. (It was in such an area a few weeks later that an English woman carrying a banner and imagining herself to be the Queen of Jerusalem was shot dead by Jordan soldiers.) On the Jordan side I was questioned about my intentions in Jordan and the possibility of my returning to Israel. I had been told earlier that a positive reply to the latter question would preclude entry. Finally, I was put into a taxi which would take me to town. I had wanted to go directly to the airport, where my plane was shortly taking off for Beirut, but I was persuaded to go to the airlines office first. By the time I was taken to the right office, I was told the plane was just departing and there was no time to get to the airport.

As there were no more flights until the next day, the taxi driver took the opportunity to offer me a ride to Beirut for about ten dollars more than the plane fare. I thanked him anyway and asked him to drop me at the American Consulate. There I was informed—by a helpful Jordan employee—that service taxis ran constantly between Beirut, Damascus, Amman and Jerusalem for a total of only a few dollars. I walked to the service taxi office (passing the other taxi driver who was still hopefully waiting), bought my ticket, and went off to visit the Old City in the time I had left before departure.

Inside the walls of the Old City, I began to climb endless stone steps and finally found myself in a ramshackle army nest which was surveying the Israeli border. I had apparently climbed too high. A tent was pitched and a handful of Arab soldiers in khaki uniforms and red-and-white dotted headdress were washing clothes, bathing, cooking, and digging a big hole. They motioned me away at first, but as I started down they called me back. Not knowing whether it was for military or personal reasons and not eager to be detained on either grounds, I hastened away, down into the narrow stone streets of the Old City. I was soon aware of a soldier following me, but he made it clear immediately by words and signs that his intention was to help me. He was young and eager to show me his few words of English and his desire to be hospitable on behalf of all Jordan, as he put it.

I had preferred to wander freely through the winding walled streets, but I had little choice in accepting his guided tour. It turned out that he was new to Jerusalem himself and did not know the Old City. When we returned to his wall-top quarters, he was by then so carried away with his mission that he started to show me around the camp, but several other soldiers waved us away angrily and, dejected, he led me to the steps and liberated me.

WHEN I got back to the service taxi office, I was told that I could not go through Syria because the Mandel-

ANN MORRISSETT, a previous contributor, is an American writer who recently returned to the United States from Europe and the Middle East.

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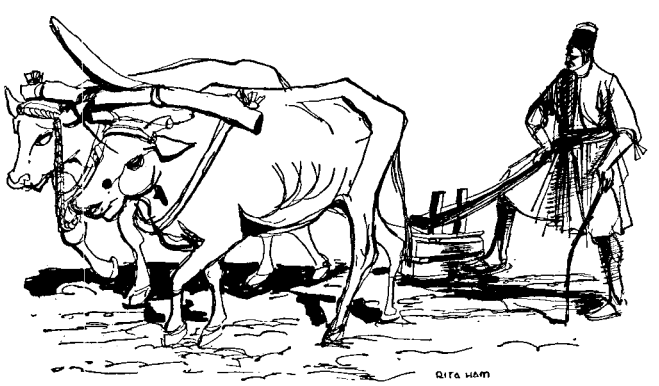
baum Gate entry was stamped on my passport, though I had deliberately avoided getting an Israeli visa stamped on it. Nor, said the ticket agent, could I get my money back on the ticket. "Why didn't you tell me that before?", I asked. "Why didn't you tell me you came through Israel?", he scolded. Actually, it was fairly clear that Israel was the only place I could have been coming from, but I did not argue. Someone who happened to be in the office said he thought it was possible to go through Syria on this particular week, even from the Mandelbaum Gate. I called the American Consul to check, but the Consul was out. The person answering the phone told me he also thought it was permissible to pass through Syria under these circumstances, as of about a week ago. I decided to take the chance, risking a scene on the border or, perhaps, the interesting experience of a Syrian jail. In any case, I would see something of Jordan, test the information I had received, and possibly get to Beirut—actually only a half-day's drive—on the same day I was expected.

We drove first to Amman through dry, barren hills whose desolation was broken only by a few caves, and tents of road workers and Bedouins. Outside Amman were shanty towns on the hills—populated, I was told by my fellow travelers, by refugees. During the stopover at Amman I went searching for a cup of coffee. There were men standing on the streets with cups in hand and boys running back and forth balancing little trays each holding a tiny cup of coffee, but I could not find out where they were coming from. Finally the owner of a coffee-grinding shop beckoned me in, and sent a boy out to bring me one such tray. His was not a café, he explained, but he had seen that I was an American and wanted coffee. He had a brother in Phoenix and wanted me to know that not all Arabs have horns and tails or live in caves and tents, as the Jewish propaganda has it. I told him that none of my Jewish friends believed that, so far as I knew. "Ah no, they don't believe it themselves," he said, "but that's what they tell other people." I told him simply that I had never heard this said, deciding it futile to mention at this point that I had in fact seen many Arabs living in shanties and tents, though I did not "blame" them for it and in any case understood Jordan was attempting to settle its refugees in better housing. There was no time for rehashing the whole Arab-Israeli problem, so I thanked him and climbed back in with the other taxi-travelers bound for Beirut.



As we approached the Syrian border, we were stopped at a Jordan control station for a half-hour of paperwork that would officially release us from Jordan. I was told there by a young official that I probably would not be able to get into Syria because of my Mandelbaum Gate entry. I had come this far and was not ready to turn back now, so I went on with my taxi. There were several car checks *en route*, apparently routine, but when we reached the Syrian border I was taken to the Chief's office and was asked—again in stern, reprimanding tones—why I had gone through Israel. I told the Chief that I had heard it was now all right to come this way, but he only regarded me suspiciously and said that might apply to certain groups but that I was not a group.

Then he pulled out several long documents and asked me my father's and mother's names, which happen to be Irving and Anna. Though Baptist for many generations, their names were possibly suspicious-sounding to him, but he did not question me further. I did not know if his purpose was to determine if I was Jewish, and it occurred to me to produce my "certificate of Christianity," but I did not feel like it. It suddenly smacked too much of denunciations, yellow stars of David, etc. and I did not like the whole process. At any rate I was ordered to go back to Jordan, and by now my principled or histrionic notions of international protest had dwindled to nothing. It was night and we were in the middle of what seemed to be nowhere. I was led out into the darkness, perhaps to be left standing there, I thought. But several soldiers waved through a car from the Syrian side and asked the Arab men in it to take me to the Jordan control station.

Before we arrived there we were stopped several times by the car-check soldiers, and once I was asked to get down and walk through pitch-black roadside ditches to a tent off the road where I was questioned, though politely, by Jordan soldiers. I had the impression it was a pleasant break in their routine. At the Jordan control station I had to go through re-admittance into Jordan, and I caught the young passport official biting into a huge sandwich which he hastily stuck into his desk drawer.

"You were right," I said, "they wouldn't let me into Syria."

"Why did you come through Israel?" he said, shrugging.

"If I'd known all the trouble it is, I might have done it differently," I said ambiguously.

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"So why don't you go back to Jerusalem and ask your Consul to get you a Syrian visa?" he asked.

I told him I thought I'd prefer to fly over Syria anyway, and added, carelessly, that I wished Jordan and Lebanon and Syria would get together on these things.

"We do some things differently," the young official replied stiffly, "but don't forget that *we are all Arabs.*" I did not think of a comeback until I had gone out the door, so I stuck my head back in, catching him again at the sandwich which he hastily shoved back into the drawer.

"But don't forget that mainly *we are all human beings,*" I said, withdrawing before he could clear his vocal chords for a further philosophical retort.

IN A SMALL inn near the control station there was a group of French tourists who had just come by bus from Jerusalem and were on their way to the Syrian border and Damascus. I asked to be connected with the Syrian consul by phone, and through poor connections I carried on a disjointed, shouting conversation with someone (I'm still not quite sure with whom) which led to his going off to check with other officials to see if I could come in with the French group. While I was waiting we were disconnected, and when I got the same man again (or so I think) he told me that after consultation—I suspect with the border official who had taken my parents' names—they were still unable to let me through.

A Jordan police officer happened to be having a beer in the inn with several Arabs in head-dress, and he asked me to join them. He had gathered (or been informed) of my plight and seemed to have decided to give me the full tourist treatment. He would see that I got a ride back to Jerusalem, he said. I was apprehensive, but we drove to Amman without incident, except for some car checks along the road by the Jordan police.

At Amman we passed King Hussein's house lit up on top of a hill, and stopped off at the Philadelphia, which my host told me is the biggest night club-restaurant in the Middle East. (I heard later that before Amman was serviced generally with electricity, this and King Hussein's were the only two places that had it.) It was a vast pink- and purple-lit cavern with an orchestra playing American tunes on a stage at one end and a bar populated by single men at the other. Nearby were a few tables of girls in incongruous furs and other unmistakable signs of their trade. At miscellaneous tables in the dim recesses of the hall were more men, single or in little groups. "Isn't it beautiful?" my host asked. I assured him it was indeed impressive.

Back in Jerusalem we stopped at the airline official's office where he telephoned a hotel for me. I was to meet him at his office next morning and he would arrange for my passage on the appropriate airline and take me to the airport. I arrived late next day, and he had gone but had left instructions for me to be driven to the airport where my ticket would be waiting. The airplane was just due to take off when I arrived, so I collected my ticket hastily (though it was not gratis, as I had half hoped) and was rushed to the plane.

As I started up the steps the airline official appeared on the field to say goodbye, and I ran to him with a sudden feeling of gratitude at seeing a familiar face. I almost stumbled into his arms, and he mumbled, appearing both pleased and flustered, "Not in Arab." I guessed he meant that Arab women didn't embrace strange men in public places, and as this wasn't exactly my intention I simply smiled and said to him, "Not in English either."

Within only an hour, incredibly, I was looking down on the lush vegetation and modern structures of Beirut, and within another hour I was up on one of the surrounding mountains at my final destination, a Friends' School where an international conference was being held. The beautifully quiet location and breath-taking bird's-eye view of the city and coastline far below gave me the feeling that I was at last in monastic security far from the reaches of political unrest.

NEXT MORNING the Abbé Pierre, the gentle, almost childlike French priest whose work with the poor has made him internationally famous, arrived from Beirut where he had been resting in a hospital the previous day. Others had gone off to various meetings and I was the only person around who spoke French, so I sat down with him to spend a quiet morning chatting.

"You know what has passed in Beirut last night?" the Abbé began excitedly.

"No, what?" I replied.

"There has been an attempted revolution!" he said. "Extremists tried to seize the government and several people have been killed. The government is still in control and soldiers are stopping all cars on the roads. Now they are arresting hundreds of people."

The sun began to strike the Abbé's head and a Swiss girl who had joined us lent him the Arab headdress she had been sporting. Someone else ran for an umbrella and tied it to the back of his chair. It was an indelible sight, this little Abbé speaking agitatedly of revolution, swathed in his heavy black robes with black sweater beneath, high black boots and black beard, his black beret partially covered by the white Arab head cloth, and over all this the big black umbrella. He was like a little prophet of doom.

During the next two days we heard reports of many more arrests, and saw tanks moving up the mountain road past us. A village above us was reported to have numerous sympathizers with the rebels, and arsenals of weapons had been found there. One of the conference members took a picture of a government plane dropping what seemed to be a bomb on a village be-

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low us, though generally we saw no evidence of overt conflict. At the end of the conference, when I went down to Beirut to arrange my transportation, the only outward signs of the revolt I saw were tanks and soldiers making car checks at frequent points along the roads, and, in town, soldiers searching civilians as they entered the main post office.

We had heard that Syria had closed its borders altogether now, and though I could not have gone through it in any case, it was frustrating news for those who had planned to go to Syria and Jordan, and possibly then into Israel for the first time. I could not find out at any travel office about ships or planes to Israel from the nearest non-Arab state, Cyprus, so I sought information at the American Consulate. There I was told that the Italian line was the only office where I might get such information, but not by phone.

When I went personally to the office and asked, the young agent at the desk looked around furtively at my mention of Israel, then pulled out a schedule and read off the dates of boats going between Cyprus and Sambo.

"Sambo?" I repeated.

"That's spelled H-A-I-F-A," he said. I asked if there weren't earlier boats. "The only place you can find that out is in Cyprus," he replied.

By then I was eager to get to Cyprus as soon as possible, and fortunately found a cancellation on a plane leaving that afternoon. On the plane, two little cards were handed me to be filled out, one for landing at Cyprus, the other for the Arab airline, asking destination and purpose of my travel. No doubt the intentions were honorable, but I left the second card blank and walked with relief into the non-Arab state of Cyprus. My first call was to a friend of a friend, the Israeli ambassador to Cyprus, and I heard myself almost whispering his title at the open tourist desk at the airport. But I looked around and saw that if anyone heard, they did not seem to care.

The next day I sat with a charming young Greek Cypriot in a hotel restaurant where the only other customers were Israelis. "Until Cyprus gets economically more secure on its feet," he told me half-jokingly, "we don't mind too much if the Arabs and Israelis don't settle their differences for a while yet. Israelis come here to vacation or get married [a Jew cannot have a civil marriage with a non-Jew in Israel, but can arrive in that condition], and thousands of people like you might never even get to Cyprus if it weren't for the Arab-Israeli troubles."

"So how are things in Cyprus now?" I asked him, figuring that I was out of the Middle East in any case. "Worse than before," stated the young man flatly. "Relations between the Greeks and Turks have never been lower. What this country needs for a few years is a good dictatorship!"

THE SCREEN

"It Tolls for Thee"

IN REVIEWING "The Longest Day" last week, I found a lack of warmth and personal identification in that lengthy film about D-Day. No doubt Darryl Zanuck and his staff purposely avoided intimate scenes in order to give an epical quality to their spectacle about the trials and horrors of such a large-scale invasion. Now, the emotional qualities and little touches I was looking for in "The Longest Day" turn up in a minor, much less expensive movie called "No Man Is an Island."

Produced, directed and written by John Monks, Jr. and Richard Goldstone, this well-made little picture tells of the experiences of George R. Tweed, a U.S. Navy radioman who spent thirty-one months eluding the Japanese on the island of Guam during World War II. This is no great epic but it is a stirring tribute to the brotherhood of man and to the perserverance and fortitude of one man helped in his plight by the natives around him.

Tweed and five other Navy men take to the hills when the Japanese bomb Guam in December, 1941. They evade the enemy until the Japanese swarm over the island, the five are killed, and Tweed runs away alone. Smuggled from place to place by co-operative natives who won't let Tweed give himself up, he is hidden by a Filipino priest in a leper colony until the vengeful enemy burn down the compound. Then in a cave high up in the rocks above a beach, the lone American is cared for by a native family who bring him supplies and information about the Japanese installations which proves valuable when he is rescued by a warship. Filmed in the Philippines, "No Man Is an Island" deserves commendation for its realistic backgrounds, effective underplaying by a good cast of Americans and natives (led by Jeffrey Hunter who is fine as Tweed), and especially for putting over visually Donne's theme that we are all part of the main.

ANYONE feeling strong and willing to give his emotions a real workout should see "Secrets of the Nazi Criminals." In spite of its sensational and misleading title, this very serious documentary film doesn't reveal any "secrets" at all but is a series of scenes of the Nuremberg trials and shots of Nazi horrors before and during World War II. Produced and edited by Swedish Tore Sjoberg, with several assistants, the film consists of authentic and often blood-curdling sequences, many photographed by the meticulous record-keeping Germans themselves, and accompanied by a factual English narration read by Claude Stephenson. Audiences familiar with Mr. Sjoberg's previous documentary, "Mein Kampf," which outlined the rise and fall of

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Hitler, are aware of the Swedish film maker's hatred of totalitarianism and his insistance that we remember the past to keep history from repeating itself.

Some of the footage in "Secrets of the Nazi Criminals" has been seen before, not only in Sjoberg's earlier picture, but also in other documentaries and newsreels shown before, during and after the war. The new film, however, has organized the material extremely well. After a prologue reviewing the rise of the Nazi party, the film skips to the Nuremberg trial with amazing shots of the chief prisoners (Göring, von Ribbentrop, Keitel, Hess, *et al*) and with the three main indictments: Crimes Against Peace (showing the Germans overrunning Europe), War Crimes (showing the Germans mistreating prisoners and execution of hostages), and Crimes Against Humanity (showing the concentration camps where civilians were brutally treated and ruthlessly slaughtered). The footage in this last section is the hardest to watch—especially when its views contrast with the cold, calm, factual statements and statistics summarizing the horrors. It seems that "the Nazi purpose was to leave German neighbors so weakened that even if Germany lost the war, her neighbors would be weaker." I'm not sure that a well-documented film like this will be seen by the government leaders and policy molders who should see it. But those who do view its appalling collection of atrocities will be impressed right to the finale with its shot of the post-trial deserted Nuremberg courtroom. The message from Donne is obvious here too: "It tolls for thee."

AFTER "Secrets of the Nazi Criminals," even a flashy French film like "Crime Does Not Pay" seems rather tame. Perhaps the most unusual thing about this handsomely produced, star-studded, lengthy (159 minutes) movie is the device that links its four parts. It starts on Christmas Eve of 1961 when a man slams out of his apartment in Paris in spite of the pleading of the wife he leaves behind. He goes to a movie theater, carefully establishing an alibi there, and watches a film called "Crime Does Not Pay."

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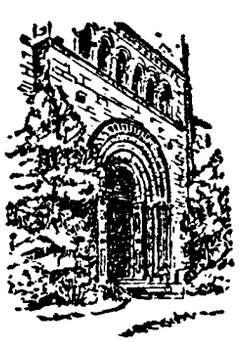

Prospective students should make early application

The first crime, in the film-within-the-film, is set in fifteenth-century Venice and shows beautiful, aging Edwige Feuillere cruelly luring her ex-lover (Gabriele Ferzetti) to his own funeral. The punishment dealt out to her later is grisly. In the second crime, set in politically-complicated Paris of the 1880's, Michele Morgan shoots the private detective who is falsely accusing her of adultery. And the third crime, in the movie-within-the-movie, set in 1913 Auteuil, is a tricky affair in which a wife (Annie Girardot) cooks up a diabolic plot to get rid of her husband (Pierre Brasseur) and ex-lover (Christian Marquand) so she can take on another man (Paul Guers).

Then we come back to the present and movie-watching man who leaves the theater, is run over and accidently killed by a visiting English major (Richard Todd) who in turn becomes entangled in a mystery with the man's wife (Danielle Darrieux). Although Gerard Oury has directed his large cast well and the film has elegant sets and costumes, the picture is rather pretentious and better in its parts than as a whole. After the first hour or so, the extravagant cast, lush scenery, and O. Henry endings begin to wear thin; and waiting for the finale of "Crime Does Not Pay" does not pay.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG

CORRESPONDENCE

"Biblical Drum Beaters?"

Belmont, N.C.

TO THE EDITORS: To readers of The Commonweal the continuing tension between biblical and dogmatic theologians is not news. Recent issues have carried statements by writers from both sides of the dispute [Aug. 24], and the future will undoubtedly see more of the same.

All this will not surprise or shock anyone familiar with the history of theological speculation. Indeed vast amounts of invective have been heaped by theologians upon one another from the earliest times of Christianity. We have but to recall the heated arguments between the Alexandrine and Antioch schools of the fourth-sixth centuries, the disagreements between the Thomists and Scotists of the Middle Ages, or the endless debate on the problem of grace and free will between the Dominicans and the Jesuits. By comparison, the present exchange is tame. In fact since the Modernist crisis of fifty years ago theologians have spoken in whispers on points of disagreement. The ferment that we now experience is something desirable, even necessary, for real progress in science is rarely forthcoming if all engaged in the discussion are in agreement. What is unfortunate is the glib use of labels, epithets and a variety of arguments *ad hominem* to

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carry one's point and silence the opponents. But again this is a human weakness and probably will never be totally excluded from controversy. Still, the vital factor must be a genuine understanding and appraisal of the objective evidence presented; for this there can be no substitute.

It is to be presupposed that the biblical exegete as also the dogmatic theologian are motivated by a love of truth and the Church. Both have to cultivate the attitude of humility in the presence of truth and acknowledge it wherever it is found. They must recognize that a love of truth does not imply a monopoly of it nor guarantee a penetrating grasp of its meaning. Each must be aware of his respective competency and limitations, for each has a definite contribution to make and one without the other would be hampered in his investigation and the science of theology impeded.

A current *heisses eisen* is the problem of the historicity of the Bible and in particular the Gospel narratives. It is by no means a new question but its modern formulation has aroused much doubt and misgiving among certain quarters of Catholics. The Magisterium of the Church has deemed it opportune to remind scholars of the general teaching of the Church regarding the point and to caution against imprudent novelty. But the question remains open to further theological research.

Sound methodology demands a hierarchy of judgment in the investigation of truth, as St. Thomas has pointed out. It is the prerogative of dogmatic theology, the highest science, to assay the validity of conclusions of exegesis. Few demur at this level of principle. But the matter becomes complex when we descend to its concrete application. If there exists a danger that the exegetes might ignore theological verities in their work, there is likewise peril that the theologians will elevate to dogmatic certitude what in reality is only a traditional theological approach. An error by the first may lead to an undermining of the Faith, while that of the second can place us in inextricable contradiction.

Hazarding the risk of over-simplification, a classic illustration of this latter is the case of sixteenth century theologians and geocentrism. The earth-centered view of the universe was traditional and commonly accepted, and theologians considered it as certain because they could find it stated in the Bible. They went on to reason that since the Bible is the inspired word of God and infallibly correct, the geocentric view contradicted revelation and so was impossible. The error here was not the Bible's, nor in the conclusion of the lower science, but simply the misunderstanding of what Scripture actually meant, and a consequent misapplication of theological reasoning to the question.

The concern about the historicity bears some analogy to this. There are theologians today who approach the subject with an *a priori* definition of history. This norm is applied to the Scriptures and is used to evaluate the conclusions of recent biblical investigations. Often, however, this concept is not sufficiently nuanced and does not satisfy the exigencies of the New Testament texts themselves.

The underlying anxiety of these theologians seems to be that if we once concede that a given passage is in some sense not strictly historical, the whole Gospel witness is thereby placed in jeopardy. And since dogma, indeed the structure of Faith itself, rests solidly on the New Testament, it too is in danger of being swept away. But this is not the case.

What the biblical theologians wish to determine is precisely how and in what manner the Gospels are historical. They are concerned with the role of oral tradition, the influence of the liturgy, and the concrete apologetic needs of the early communities in the formation of the Gospels as we now have them. They seek to discern the freedom that the inspired authors and redactors enjoyed in composing their work. And they insist upon the importance of identifying the literary form to which the particular text belongs and in which framework it must be interpreted.

That the salvific events related in the New Testament actually took place is nowhere called into question and is not the issue at stake. Rather it is the refinement of our understanding of what God, through the human writers, actually intended to tell us about these events. Thus, *e.g.*, the historical character of the parable of the Good Samaritan should not be equated simply with the visit of the Magi, the words of institution of the Eucharist, or the resurrection testimony.

The exegete submits his conclusions and the evidence for them to the Church. He expects and welcomes a critical evaluation of the work and asks only that it be undertaken with objectivity and requisite scholarship. *(Rev.)* JAMES K. SOLARI, O.S.B.

Of the Past

Carlo Betocchi: Tetti Toscani (1948-54 Vallecchi)

In truth, of the breached
walls one no longer
knows the soul, knows
absolutely nothing: and we

(safe as the flower
of sleep in children,
from these walls destroyed,
already outside of time)

by a single thread of thought
all renew ourselves
as by holy gospels.

Translated by I. L. SALOMON

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To What Is the Catholic Emerging Today?

The Emerging Layman: The Role of the Catholic Layman in America. By Donald J. Thorman. Doubleday. $3.95.

by William J. Nagle

DONALD Thorman has written a primer on the lay apostolate that will be welcomed by everyone who has ever been asked to recommend a book that can serve as an introduction to the subject of the role of the layman in the Church.

The Emerging Layman is not meant to be an American version of Congar's highly theological *Lay People in the Church,* nor should it be compared, except for subject matter, with the works of Philips, Tavard and Leclerq. It is more popular and much more readable than de la Bedoyere's *The Layman in the Church.* In the best tradition of the publicist, Thorman here demonstrates an ability to distill and to communicate some of the best thinking that has been done on the role of the Catholic layman in the Church and in the world.

While the book may lack originality in the scholarly sense, it is filled with fresh insights. Thorman's writing is strongest and most perceptive when he is closest to the central issues of his subject, as in the chapters, "Laymen Without Voices," "Lay Life with God," and "The World Is Not Evil."

Thorman is convinced that the success of the lay apostolate in the United States is going to depend on two major factors: spiritual formation and an effective grasp of the Church's social teaching. From his background as a teacher of the social encyclicals and later editor of two popular Catholic magazines, the author does an excellent job of summarizing the main points of the Church's social teachings.

Some of the material in later chapters—on censorship, the race problem, anti-Communism, internationalism, etc.—will strike many Commonweal readers as "old hat." But the person who has had to address Holy Name societies on just such subjects as these knows that what may seem to him as almost self-evident applications of the Church's social doctrine will oftentimes strike his audience as new and startling ideas.

Thorman finds a "new kind of layman abroad today" who has been indoctrinated and educated in the meaning of what a layman really is and of his dignity, value, and importance. He says increasing numbers of laymen in this country are beginning "to understand their responsibilities and duties—and consequently their rights."

This "emerging layman" isn't necessarily more liberal than the social actionist of the pre-war years, but he does appear to be younger and a bit more impatient about establishing his role in the Church as well as in the world. "Discussion of this whole question of the role of the laity and the lay apostolate," writes Thorman, "is to the eager young Catholics of today what the social teachings of the Church were to the Catholics looking for answers during the Great Depression."

It is possible the "emerging layman" himself may find Thorman's book disappointing—especially if he comes to it expecting to find a discussion in depth of the kinds of hard questions raised, say, in some of the articles in The Commonweal series on the layman. My own reaction was that Thorman, having frankly discussed many of these same questions, seemed to move a bit too smoothly to the optimistic conclusion that the American layman "is beginning to develop a new feeling of security, acceptance and freedom, which is certainly going to be reflected in his future actions." I am more inclined to agree with his earlier observation that many young Catholic laymen who have had a taste of the full Christian life are often frustrated and impatient with the Church as they find it. What concerns me is how these feelings of frustration, impatience and restraint are going to be reflected in *their* future actions.

To suggest that the "new kind of layman" of which the author speaks will find more satisfaction in Hans Küng than in Don Thorman is not to disparage Thorman, who writes not so much *for* the emerging layman as *about* him. Thorman set out to write an introduction to the subject of the role of the Catholic layman in America. In this he has been eminently successful. If he has not "advanced the discussion," he has made it possible for a great many more people to engage in it.

Not Beauty, But an Increase of Happiness

The American Invasion. By Francis Williams. Crown. $3.95.

by Geoffrey Wagner

SINCE the last war there have been roughly three phases in European involvement with this country. The first, or Marshall Plan period, was one of cultural compensation when, cut off from America for so long, Europe drank in our "more rawer" influences without discrimination, when the Salzburg seminars were crammed, when Marcel Duhamel dramatized *Tobacco Road* and even André Gide considered William Faulkner and Dashiell Hammet as of equal consequence, and Hemingway overcame everybody. To the wilder excesses of this era, with its *traduit de l'américain* craze, England was less prone: Orwell had anticipated it all anyway.

After this impact came the revulsion, the period of what can only be called hate-books, when the craving for Americana by the young began to alarm their elders: one thinks of writings after visits to this country by Sartre, de Beauvoir, Denis de Rougemont, Cecchi, Gorer, Connolly, and others. We would now seem to have reached a third development in this irritated cross-pollination, a phase when the cultural invasion, a *fait accompli,* worries European critics less than the political consequences of U.S. capital in their midst.

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A well-known British Labour journalist, recently made a Life Peer, Francis Williams adds little to the debate, certainly nothing not better said by indigenous critics; all the same, his book is a symptom, it was written for English consumption by a sometime editor of the London *Daily Herald*. For Williams, American capital is converting England into a second Canada. This "commercial colonization" requires a synthetic assimilation and America is "a society which is incapable of being wholly recreated in conditions other than its own." Already "one-twentieth of all the goods produced by British workers comes from American-owned plants." Albion is in danger of becoming "a fairyland gone crazy."

There seem to be two levels of responsibility in this book. If commercial interest turns into political intervention, Williams has a genuine complaint—though it is never clear what he means by "controlled," "in the hands of," etc. Unfortunately, most of his attack derives from an obvious emotional dislike, one ill-concealed beneath the usual "some-of - the - best - times - of - my - life - have-been-spent-there" excuses. The book collapses into a disguised diatribe against U.S. officials "bringing their hygienic toilet paper and prejudices with them." It is, moreover, fairly studded with errors and totally ignores our municipal college system in the section on education, where, to the publisher's credit, a howler on high schools is corrected in a footnote from "Ed."

Williams' is a temperate instance of much stop-the-rot ranting published in England recently. And even the ranters admit that the American experiment has led to an increase of happiness, if not of beauty. Williams' sentimental hankering for "the damp humidity of the weaving sheds" of old is the purest industrial Rousseauism. The truth is that, toilet paper and all, hygiene and general efficiency are in public demand in the democracies; industrialism, not simply Americanism, should be indicted here, and it is notable that the hollow filled by "commercial colonization" is less in Germany than in England or France. Why, if Williams is right, is there no resistance to "hygienic toilet paper," no native improvement on, say, those incredible French matches? For, with the outflow of gold so steady, it is simply untrue to think of the dollar today as an almighty persuader. It is no use just hating this industrial invasion.

Here Williams just rewrites W. H. Auden's shudder as he finds himself an ocean nearer "the unspeakable juke-boxes, the horrible Rockettes and the insane salads, nearer to the anonymous countryside littered with heterogenous *dreck* and the synonymous cities besotted with electric signs, nearer to radio commercials and congressional oratory and Hollywood Christianity, nearer to all the 'democratic' lusts and licenses. . . ." This voice has been heard before. I read it first in Eric Linklater speak-

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*Michael D. Zeik, Professor of History, Marymount College, in the recent issue of *The Commonweal* devoted to "The Jew in American Society."

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ing through his Dora in *Don Juan in America:* "Well, even though they've got motor cars and clean faces and no holes in their stockings, I don't like Americans as well as English people and never shall, so there! They're callous and boastful and noisy, and you know they are."

A Melodramatic Howard Fast Novel

Power. By Howard Fast. Doubleday. $4.95.

by Anita Feldman

HOWARD FAST'S new novel abounds in hired murderers, and in violent and momentous events. It begins in 1920 with the slaughter of twelve "operatives" during a strike staged in an abortive attempt to unionize the West Virginia mines. When it ends in 1959, it has traced the rise to great power of Benjamin R. Holt, leader of the International Miner's Union, a man with a leonine mane of unruly hair and a gift for rhetoric. (Neither of the novel's two narrators mentions his eyebrows.) There has been another massacre, this time of one hundred strike-breakers, and a meeting, in the year 1933, between Holt and an unnamed President of the United States. On page 100 we hear Holt roaring during wage negotiations, "What's the price of death? Name it!" On page 377 we meet him at a reception in the Astor Hotel, assuring his former research director (and former friend) that "You'd have done well if you had stuck with me . . . I would have had you on the payroll for twenty-five thousand a year by now." The power of the title is partly that of coal, "that black filth" which Holt sees as "the soul of our civilization," and partly what one of the narrators describes as "power and the sweet, terrible taste of it."

There is nothing trivial or dull about these matters, although Fast's style doesn't help much. It ranges from the "lyricism" of the above-quoted reference to the taste of power, to the clumsy colloquialism of, "My word, I never seen anything like this before," or, "If I seem periphrastic, it's only because I'm attempting to avoid offense to that miner's pride of yours," to just plain clumsiness—"Even such a cursory glimpse of the man is retrospective, of necessity bolstered by hindsight." But there is nothing trivial or dull about the suffering and the experience of the anonymous or almost anonymous miners in the background of the story, and vivid impressions do emerge. We have seen, at least in photographs, these "skinny, hollow-faced women in shapeless dresses." Sometimes that suffering seems to have found a voice. There is no character in the book who performs an action with the consciousness and credibility of Frank McGrady, a blacklisted miner who starves himself to death, because "If a man's life ain't worth one cent or nod of attention then he might as well be dead and try to make his death count for something."

Still, in considering the major characters, the novel has a disturbing, static quality, as if, expecting to see a motion picture, one were shown a collection of slides. There are pictures of Holt, for instance, at various stages of his career, but we never seem to see anything important actually happening to him. At one point in the novel, Holt's wife, Dorothy, says (Actually, she writes it in a letter, which is part of the annoying indirectness of the narration; everybody in the novel seems to be talking at everybody else) "Reading what you have written makes me wonder why so few, if any, have been able to make human beings out of the men who lead labor—that is, in books. . . . Why are we like shadows, who look back at other shadows?" But to say this does not take the curse off it, and this quality, among other things, makes it difficult to take the book seriously.

The story is narrated partly by Dorothy, Holt's wife, through letters addressed to Alvin Cutter, who had been, as a young man, Holt's publicity and research director and who is now writing a book about him. Both of them are estranged (emo-

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tionally or actually) from Holt. Perhaps their estrangement can be seen as the abandonment of Holt by the compassion and knowledge which should be allied with power. Their deficiencies are, to a great extent, those of the novel, since its events are sifted through their rather limited consciousness. Dorothy, as she first appears, seems a fair enough product of the kind of sheltered upbringing which concentrated so determinedly, in the genteel early 1900's, on the value of everything and the price of nothing. By 1935, when Cutter ends his association with Holt, she is capable of gingerly use of words like "hell" and "damn" in moments of great stress, but, finally, of only a negative virtue.

As for Cutter, if the novel is ever made into a movie his role will probably be played by Gregory Peck. His main quality is a kind of wooden, well-meaning obtuseness. Comparing himself to Holt, he says, "We were as different as two people could be; . . . he lived in a world of blacks and whites, I lived in a world of grays; he simplified, I saw nothing simple, nothing easy; he was as certain as I was uncertain, and I hated power as much as he loved it and needed it." Power as an idea seems to have no reality for Cutter. It is seen only as a potentially corrupting psychological drive; contemplating it never illuminates for him, as it might, the tension between the natural and the moral order, or the price that human beings pay for reality. He and Dorothy are not "like shadows"—they are shadows, and it is for this reason, I think, that the story they tell is like a tragedy in which all the murders take place on stage, and all the questionings, answers, revelations, soliloquies, happen somewhere in the wings, between the acts.

REVIEWERS

William J. Nagle is the editor of the recently published symposium, *Morality and Modern Warfare.*

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